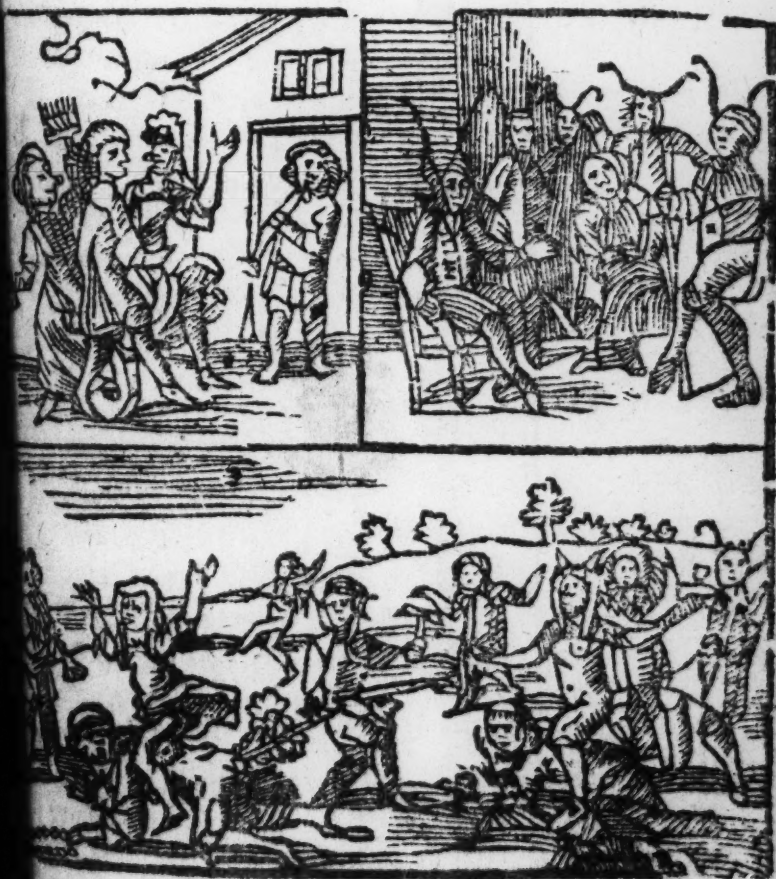


THE *11521-532 //*
MERRY PIPER:

Or the SECOND PART of the
FRYAR and BOY.

CONTAINING *A True*

A further Progress of JACK's frolicsome
Intrigues. Full of Mirth and Reception.



Newcastle: Printed in this present YEAR.





THE
MERRY PIPER, &c.

YOU lads and lasses that can read,
And you that fain would learn,
Herein you may your fancies feed,
And pleasant tales discern.
If once they're fairly understood,
Deny it they that can,
The merry tales of *Robin Hood*,
Tom Thumb, and *Little John*,
Cannot compare with this little book,
Which I present to you;
Then Reader, slight it not, but look
You read the same quite through.
And then you'll be quite satisfi'd,
That I the truth have spoke;
For all this book is beautifi'd
With many a pleasant joke.
A merry book there is between
The Friar and the Boy;
In which whole crouds are dancing,
In mad and mickle joy.
The little lad, whose name was *Jack*,
He had a Step-mother,
To whom he prov'd so arch a crack,
That scarce is such another:

For *Jack* a pleasant pipe did get,
 From a poor Hermit old,
 Likewise a bow in which he shot,
 The like was never sold;
 With which he made delightful sport,
 Upon the poor old Friar;
 Yet in the very Proctor's court,
 He did the lawyers tire.
 His step-mother amongst the rout,
 Whene'er she look'd on *Jack*,
 Was forc'd to stand and trump about,
 Like any thunder crack.
 Which vex'd his mother to the heart,
 And the old Friar too;
 But *Jack* hath play'd a second part,
 Such lads there are but few.
Jack's farther set him forth again,
 Once more to keep his nolt:
 When passing though a narrow lane,
 He did the Hermit meet;
 Who gave him the enchanting bow,
 The pipe and trumping strains;
 To whom he made a conge low,
 Thanking him for his pains.
 For, loving father, he reply'd,
 Right happy may you be,
 Because I am well satisfy'd
 You were a friend to me.
 The very gifts which I receiv'd
 From your good aged hand,
 Have oftentimes the Friar griev'd;
 I have him at command.

The aged Hermit then reply'd,

Give me some drink, I pray,
Out of that bottle by your side;

I have not drank to-day.

Take it quoth *Jack*, with all my heart,

And further, if you please,
You shall sit down and take a part

Of my poor bread and cheese,

I pray you do not spare to eat,

Of such as now you see;

Yet if I had the best of meat.

Right welcome should you be.

The Hermit eat and drank his fill,

And when he thus had done,

For *Jack's* free heart and kind good-will,

He said, my loving son,

I'll give you once three wishes more,

Whatever thou wilt crave;

For I have many things in store,

And thou the best shalt have.

I wish a flock of points I had,

Made of enchanted leather;

That when the people dance like mad,

They may be ty'd together,

By two and two, in various shapes,

According to my mind;

Just so to skip about like apes,

Till I do them unbind.

The Hermit said, those cunning points

I'll give thee now with ease,

Then thou shalt tie and bind their joints,

And loose them when you please.

Come tell me now, my pretty boy,
 What thou wilt have beside;
 For what thou'rt willing to enjoy,
 Shall never be deny'd.
 Father, said he, a cunning spell
 Let me not go without,
 That I may fix a ringing bell
 On every woman's snout,
 Who does the wagtail wanton play,
 With Friars in the dark;
 That Friars too as well as they
 May bare the self same mark;
 So soon as ever they shall hear
 My pipes delightful sound,
 That to the world it may appear
 How they in sins abound.
 I grant that with all my heart,
 In love and kind good-will;
 Tho' they endure both pain and smart,
 The bells shall tinkle still.
 And cause them to become a scoff,
 Till they thy love obtain,
 Who power hath to take them off,
 Or fix them on again.
 Come tell me what the last must be,
 My Boy and pretty bird;
 For sure the number must be three,
 According to thy word.
 The lad he did make this reply,
 All cuckolds far and near,
 When they my merry pipes draw nigh,
 Let them with horns appear.

Werever they are dancing led,
 In strange and various forms,
 I wish to graft upon each head
 A lusty pair of horns.
 That I thereby may cuckolds know,
 From other honest men :
 The Hermit cry'd it shall be so,
 Thou hast three wishes then.
 Go on and prosper with them all,
 Right happy thou shalt be ;
 For there is none alive that shall
 Enjoy those charms but thee.
 I thank you, father, for your love,
 I have my heart's desire ;
 And make no question but to prove
 Vexation to the Friar.
 My step-mother I'll not excuse,
 The proctors and their clarks,
 Nor any that shall Jack abuse,
 I'll frolic with the sparks.
 Your kindness let me gratify,
 Here take you this old groat ;
 And till the very day I die
 You shall be in my thought.
 He took the groat and then reply'd,
 This doth much comfort yield :
 You are welcome, father, Jack he cry'd,
 And so he trodg'd to the field.
 As by a barn he chinc'd to pass,
 By accident he saw
 A young man and a bonny lass,
 Lie sporting on the straw :

With wishing points he ty'd them fast,
 Together as they lay;
 Then blowing of a merry blast,
 His pipes aloud did play.
 They jumped out at the great barn door,
 Into an open green;
 Oh! such a sight as this before,
 I think was never seen.
 The man and maid did pull and haul,
 Yet could not get asunder;
 At length aloud for help they'd call,
 Like roaring claps of thunder.
 With that came out her good old dame,
 From carding of her wool;
 The sight she saw and blush'd for shame,
 Yet she was pitiful,
 Because they were in sad distress.
 To whom she straightway hy'd;
 But *Jack* he ty'd her nevertheless,
 Unto her maid's backside:
 And fix'd a bell upon her snout,
 Which tinkle, tinkle, went
 When they did dance and jump about,
 This was *Jack's* merriment.
 The good old wife she bit her thumbs,
 And bitterly did frown;
 Then with her cards she claw'd their bums,
 Until the blood ran down.
 The young man he aloud did roar,
 So did the damsel too;
 Their buttocks were to rend and to tore,
 The like you never knew.

They

They caper'd high, they caper'd low,
 And could not be at rest;
 For still as *Jack* his pipes did blow,
 They thought themselves posselt.
 Their scratches were like dreadful stripes,
 They cry'd, We cannot stand;
 Sure these are some enchanted pipes,

The devil is at hand.
 Ah, so he is, I do suppose,
 The goodwife she reply'd;
 For there's a bell upon my nose,
 I think not how 'tis ty'd:

The thoughts of which does me provoke,
 For why, alas! I fear,
 My spectacles they will be broke,
 With so much bubbling near.

They danc'd along they knew not how,
 At length young *Jack* he brought them
 Quite through a dirty slimy slough;

I thought he I now have taught them

A trick, for playing of the game,

Close by the highway side;

They shall be punish'd for the same,

I will be satisfy'd

Will did he pipe and they did skip,

Which fill'd young *Jack* with laughter;

Who over a large river-leap'd,

And they came scouring after.

Thro' all the flowing water, were

They wash'd themselves all over:

Then honest *Jock* he did declare

He'd punish them no more.

He

He parted them, and said, farewell,
 Now you have wash'd your cloaths;
 But yet he left the little bell
 On the old woman's nose.
 They home went trudging, dropping night
 Quite from the top to toe:
 The good old wife did often cry,
 Adsfoot, I do not know
 What I shall do with this same bell,
 It bobs from side to side;
 Nor by my life I cannot tell
 How he the same has ty'd.
 This was the most unhappy lad
 Which plagu'd the honest Friar,
 And made him dance like one stark mad
 Around the thorny briar.
 I'll tell my husband of his tricks,
 He'll punish him I know;
 And teach the rascal thus to fix
 The bell upon me so.
 Against he does return at night,
 We will a warrant have,
 Those heavy wrongs of mine to right,
 For *Jack's* a wicked knave.
 In troth I think he is a lamb
 Of *Lucifer*, the Devil;
 Yet we'll be hard enough for him,
 And plague him for his evil.
 She to her husband then did trot,
 Who in a fright arose,
 And cry'd, adsfoot, wife, hast thou got
 A clapper on thy nose,

She told him all the story then,
 Which griev'd him to the heart;
 Therefore he got twenty men,
 With staffs to rake his part.
 At night poor Jack he came along,
 With all his cattle too;
 And tho' he thought no kind of wrong,
 He met the armed crew.
 The Constable with his long staff
 Did seize upon him first,
 At which young Jack began to laugh,
 And bid him do his worst.
 Ay that we will, we'll break your spell,
 Reply'd the Revel-rout;
 We'll teach you for to fix a bell
 On any woman's snout.
 Before a justice they him haul,
 Like any torlorn sheep;
 Thought Jack I Faith, I'll fit you all
 This night before I sleep.
 When they before the justice came,
 Jack's faults were told at large,
 Concerning of his dear step-dame,
 Whose bum did sound a charge.
 By means of his enchanted pipes
 Likewise the Friar, who
 Had tore his very double tripes,
 His trolly-trollics too;
 Besides he now has fix'd a bell
 On our good neighbour's nose;
 He has some black enchanted spell,
 Kind Sir, we do suppose.

Come,

Come, firrah, then the justice cry'd,
 Thou art a wicked elf;
 Our neighbours shall be satisfy'd,
 What say'st thou for thyself?
 Quoth Jack, methinks you are too hot,
 For they abus'd me first;
 Yet after all, I fear you not:
 Pray justice do your worst.
 You saucy raskel, say you so,
 And do you stand to prat;
 You to the whipping-post shall go,
 And be corrected straight.
 Then Jack at this aloud he laugh'd,
 And vaunted them with scorn;
 Likewise he on each head did graft,
 A lusty pair of horns.
 The justice had the largest pair,
 Plac'd just above his brow;
 At which he then began to swear,
 Ah! what's the matter now?
 No horns did ever spread so wide,
 Mine are two yards at least:
 Neighbours, we are transform'd, he cry'd,
 Into the shape of beasts.
 Then did they fret and rave like mad,
 Making lament and moan;
 Declaring that so wild a lad,
 Before was never known
 While they bewail'd their woful chance,
 Young Jack his pipes did blow,
 And they began to skip and dance,
 Like cuckolds in a row.

The good old wife did likewise spring,
 And dance and skip about,
 Which made the little bell to ring
 That hung upon her snout.
 Then in and out they danced about,
 The horns aloud did rattle;
 Together in that ravel rout,
 Like club-law in a battle.
 The justice gor'd the miller's rump,
 With one of his long horns,
 Which made him give a lusty jump
 Upon his neighbour's corns.
 Up to the ceiling then he took,
 Where brushing near the wall,
 He by his horns upon a hook,
 Did hang above them all.
 The justice round the room did pass,
 His horns the walls did tear,
 And broke his wife's large looking-glass,
 With all the china ware.
 His lady she came down to see
 The slaughter he had made?
 And cry'd What will you ruin me?
 What frolic have you play'd?
 My glass and china ware is broke,
 By such a hair-brain'd crew;
 Yet e'er another word she spoke,
 She fell a dancing too.
 Upon her nose young Jack did fix,
 A ringing bell likewise;
 And tho' she did not like his tricks,
 He catch'd her by surprise.

Yonug

Young Jack the doors he open'd then,
 And troop'd into the street;
 They follow'd him like frantic man,
 E'en in a foaming heat;
 And he that by the horns did hang
 Straight pull'd the ceiling down,
 And gave himself a cruel bang,
 Then run into the town.
 The woman caper'd up so high,
 Into the lofty air,
 Which made their petticoats to fly,
 So laid their buttocks bare.
 The men did dance upon their heels,
 Sometimes upon their heads;
 Some that were walking in the fields,
 Some sleeping in their beds;
 They arose and went into the throng,
 And pipes so sweet did play,
 That round the town they danc'd along,
 Until the break of day.
 The pipes had drawn a jovial crew,
 Men and their handsome wives;
 Their sons and handsome daughters too,
 The comfort of their lives.
 They danc'd and caper'd all the night,
 After the pipe together;
 The women seem'd to be as light,
 As any cork or feather.
 So that there was as many bells,
 As womens' noses there;
 And further by Jack's magic Spells,
 The men large horns did wear.

Along the town the way they clear'd,
 So tumbled o'er and o'er;
 'Tis said the bells and horns were heard
 Full two miles or more.
 The streets, it seems were large and wide,
 Yet they at every stroke,
 With bouncing hard from side to side,
 All the glais windows broke.
 Then Jack pull'd out a bag of points,
 And when a blast he blew,
 Immediately he bound their joints,
 By couples two and two.
 Then they began to pull and haul,
 Yet caper'd nevertheless,
 And thus they did each other maul,
 Like tigers in distress.
 A point he to the justice throws,
 Saying nothing but mum,
 With which he bound his copper nose,
 Fast to his lady's bum.
 His horns did any cows excel,
 And her backside was bare,
 Beside upon her snout a bell;
 Lo! what a sight was there.
 Then in the dance immediately,
 I shall, I shall, she cries;
 With that her fundament let fly,
 And blindfolded both his eyes.
 So down his beard in streams it run.
 Quoth he, thy breath is strong,
 Shrew they heart, for thou hast done
 Thy husband meikle wrong.

To

To Jack the justice dancing turn'd,
 Who cry'd, my fingers itch:
 You rascal I will have you burn'd,
 For a notorious witch.
 Quoth Jack, I have you at command,
 You cannot conquer me;
 I'll make you come with cap in hand,
 Before I set you free.
 Since it is so, sweet John, be kind,
 Pray take our horns away,
 Likewise the bells, and thou shalt find,
 Thy order we'll obey.
 Here is a purse of gold I'll give,
 To thee, my honest Jack;
 While I have a day to live,
 My love thou shalt not lack.
 Then Jack the whole enchantment broke,
 His pipes he ceas'd to blow,
 And each of them he did unyoke,
 Both men and wives also;
 They took their leaves of Jack with joy,
 Thanking him for his love;
 Thus did the young unhappy boy,
 Ever successful prove.
 Then Jack put up the rattle-traps,
 His pipes, his horns, and bells,
 Likewise his fine enchanted traps,
 And all his magic spells.
 That he might range the fields about,
 To find his father's cows;
 At length by chance he found them out,
 So brought them home to house,

Unto his father then he went,
 And told him what was past,
 Who laugh'd out with merriment,
 So gave him meat at last.
 When he had supp'd away he goes
 To ramble through the town,
 For in his thoughts he did suppose
 To meet some popish clown.
 Yet for a while he could not find
 Sport to his heart's content;
 At last a thought came in his mind,
 When with much speed he went
 To a religious nunnery,
 At twelve o'clock at night;
 Wherein he got and chanc'd to see
 A very pleasant sight.
 As through a spacious room he past,
 The matron he beheld,
 With the old Friar sleeping fast,
 Lying as if they bill'd.
 This chanc'd to be the dancing Friar,
 Of whom you heard before,
 Who caper'd in the thorny briar,
 Till all his flesh was tore,
 Adsfoot, quoth Jack, and art thou there,
 So close together laid:
 Old Friar, I shall make you sware
 This morning, I'm afraid.
 Up stairs immediately he runs,
 Searching the house all o'er;
 Where he found eight and forty nuns,
 And Friars twenty-four.

Between two nuns a friar lay,
 Twining like ivy round
 Each other's waste till morning day.
 Securely sleeping sound.
 Young Jack immediately did take
 His pipes and blew them shrill;
 Then half asleep, and half awake,
 They danc'd with right good will.
 Stark-naked in their shirts and smocks,
 They caper'd up and down;
 Receiving many dreadful knocks
 Upon each other's crown.
 One Friar had a ragged shirt,
 Torn in pieces small;
 Some without sleeves, some half a shirt,
 Yea some had none at all.
 The nuns had holland smickits fine,
 Branched with flowers gay,
 Which round their snowy breasts did twine
 But still they danc'd the hay.
 Like mad they caper'd in and out
 The nuns and friars too,
 Kicking the chamber-pots about,
 Against the glass they flew:
 Breaking their windows with the same,
 Bruising their toes likewise,
 Till some of them were grown so lame,
 That they could hardly rise.
 Jack seeing them all on floor,
 He play'd another strain,
 Which made them, tho' their feet were sore
 Get up and dance again.

From side to side, from post to post,
 They jump'd in so much haste,
 Which beat the beadsteads down almost
 And every thing displac'd.

Behold the walls of curious paint,
 Which bruise'd at every stroke;

Likewise the images of saints
 They tumbled down and broke.

While these did caper to and fro,
 Did the mad dance endure,

The Friar sleeping lay below,
 With the old nun cure.

But waking at the last by chance,
 As you shall understand;

The Friar he was loath to dance,
 So took his beads in hand,

With no intent to say his prayers,
 Finding himself possess'd;

Yet he went dancing up the stairs,
 As naked as the rest.

'Twas dark, therefore they could not see;
 So just as he begins,

Upon a pan of frumity,
 He fell and broke his shins.

The matron fell upon the floor,
 Where frumity was laid

on which she drench'd her smock all o'er,
 Just if she'd been betray'd:

Yet she did instantly arise
 To dance and skip about;

Her snicket hanging round her thighs,
 Like any shitten clout.

She

She jump'd upon the Friar's back,
 In that most nasty case,
 Making his very shoulders crack,
 And all belwarm'd his face.
 No intermission was there found,
 They still kept dancing there,
 The hall and spacious parlour round,
 None could the same forbear
 Jack kept his merry pipes in tune,
 Still all the morning long;
 At length when it was almost noon,
 He led his hair-brain throng;
 Out of the house into the street,
 They follow'd him amain,
 Naked, though in a foaming heat;
 This was a merry strain.
 Then Jack, by virtue of a spell,
 While they did skip about,
 He fix'd a curious ringing bell
 On every single snout.
 Upon their noses he did lock
 About threescore and ten;
 So that they jingled like a flock
 Of morrice-dancers then.
 The neighbours hearing of this noise,
 Came dancing out of doors;
 Men, women, maids, and little boys,
 So they were many scores.
 And damsels they did dance and run,
 And all their friends did beck,
 To shew them how the grey old nun
 Rode on the Friar's neck.

A smith came dancing like a witch,
 Bringing a read hot bar,
 And burn'd the Friar by the breach,
 Which made a wounded scar.
 The Friar he aloud did roar,
 Just in the open street;
 His bum was ne'er so sing'd before
 With such a scorching heat;
 So down he threw the good old dame,
 Stark-naked on the stones;
 Yet could they not forbear the game,
 Tho' some got broken bones.
 The smith as bad as all the rest,
 He caper'd up and down,
 Just as he had been quite posselt,
 Or crafty in the clown;
 His bar of iron was so hot,
 When he came dancing there;
 Just as unto the throng he got,
 He sing'd their buttocks bare,
 He would not let them rest a bit,
 Nor yet a minute's space;
 But led them in that dancing fit,
 Up to the market-place,
 The market folks got up to dance,
 And bravely shak'd their legs,
 Whilst some of them, I' faith, by chance,
 Jump'd in among their eggs:
 Making a gruel of the same,
 Whilst stalls they overthrew;
 Amongst the crowd was his step-dame,
 She jump'd and caper'd too.

Her

Her friend, the Friar, she beheld,
 Among the revel-rout;
 Tho' she was much with sorrow fill'd,
 She danc'd and jump'd about.
 A frown she cast on Jack her son,
 As she did heretofore
 But she no sooner this had done,
 But straight her bum did roar;
 More dreadful than the hunter's horn,
 It eccho'd in the air;
 The multitude laugh'd her to scorn,
 The which was dancing there:
 My mother's pipe, quoth Jack, I think,
 Has my fine music drown'd;
 Besides, she sends forth such a stink,
 I fear she is not sound.
 The Friar needs must take her part,
 Crying he was ill-bred;
 Jack granted, by his cunning art,
 Large horns upon his head.
 The butchers' dogs began to bark,
 Seeing a horned beast;
 Jack clap'd the very self-same mark
 On forty men at least.
 They danc'd till all their cloaths were rags,
 And some among them swore,
 We are a herd of horned stags,
 Was ever the like before?
 The Friar then aloud did cry,
 Let us lay hold of him;
 For e'er we thus dancing die,
 We'll tear him him limb from limb.
Because

Because they threaten'd him so gross,
 His pipes he loudly blew :
 And led them dancing through the close,
 Where thorns and nettles grew.
 The men women in their cloaths;
 Here had small punishment ;
 The naked ones, you may suppose,
 Had reason to lament.
 The naked nuns and friars there,
 The nettles sore did sting,
 About the thighs and bellies bare ;
 This was a grievous thing
 Their hands and faces blister'd were,
 And limbs from top to toe :
 At length they cry'd, sweet John, forbear,
 Do not torment us so
 His step-mother among the rest,
 So did the Friar too,
 Like humble supplicants protest,
 They would much kindness shew,
 To him, while they had breath to draw,
 And ne'er offend him more ;
 Nor threaten him by course of law,
 If he would but give o'er.
 Jack took away the horns and bells,
 And ceas'd the pipes with speed,
 Which broke the strength of all his spells,
 Then home they went indeed.
 Jack to himself did laugh amain,
 Knowing he did them fit ;
 And when he plays such pranks again,
 You'll surely hear of it.

F I N I S.



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